

A Beggar Hero

Falconer

Paved was his road with the golden bricks
To the glory and the fame.
Yesterday's hero sits quiet and low.
Promises of future lies shattered like broken glass. Lonely and crippled roaming in
Gutters like a shadow of his past.
Reminiscing along nostalgia's lane.
Telling the children stories is his only joy. Shyly sneaking through crowds
Almost unnoticed passing by.
Prince of misfortunate fate is he.
Enduring poverty's yoke
With a bitter sigh.
A Beggar Hero he is. Once a brave captain now but a
Fallen knight of misery and pain.
Starving through days and freezing through nights.
Seeing the young soldiers walk by with a mocking smile

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